The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

Library of the Public Archives of Canada

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol → (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ▽ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:

L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

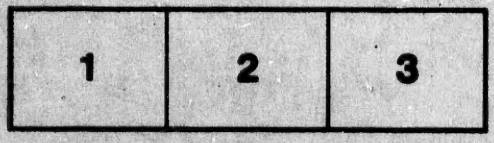
La bibliothèque des Archives publiques du Canada

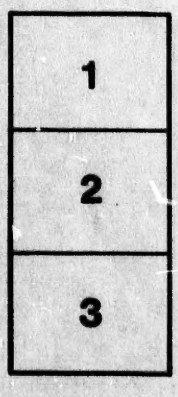
Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

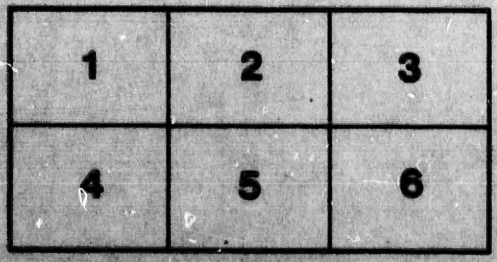
Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole → signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ▽ signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.







AN

ODE,

IN

TWO PARTS, &c.

ERRATA.

PAGE 10, Line 10. *instead of* nobly, *read* bravely. P. 11. L. 3. *inst. of* nobleſt, *r.* higheſt. P. 12. lin. 20. *inst. of* nobly, *r.* ſurely. P. 17. l. 22. *inst. of* nobleſt, *r.* richeſt. P. 18. lin. 8. *inst. of* it's, *r.* it: Same pag. *and* lin. *inst. of* nobleſt, *r.* ſureſt.

AN
ODE,
IN
TWO PARTS,
HUMBLY INSCRIB'D
TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
WILLIAM PITT.

Vincit Amor Patriæ.

VIRG.

LONDON,

Printed for the AUTHOR,

And sold by JOHN HART, in *Popping's Court, Fleet-street.*

MDCCLX.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

READER.

THE Author of the following Pages is encourag'd to hope they will meet with a more favourable Reception, at a Time when every Heart is exulting in the glorious Facts which they contain. He doubts not, with the Candour of the Publick in general, the Zeal of the BRITON will atone for the Errours of the Poet. And even flatters himself, that they who are most inclin'd to find Fault will (however it is executed) pardon, at this Time, a publick Effort of patriot Joy.

The ARGUMENT.

BRITANNIA *is repreſented, after the Loſs of* Minorca, *in a melancholy Poſture, lamenting her publick Woes: Her Guardian Genius deſcending, comforts her with a prophetick Aſſurance of an happy Change of Affairs, in Conſequence of Mr.* PITT's ADMINISTRATION. *This Firſt Part of the Ode concludes with a Promiſe of laſting Peace, and the Reaſcenſion of the Genius.*

THE Second Part begins with general Reflections on the Triumphs of the glorious Year Fifty-nine: *More particularly enlarging on the heroick Fall of General* WOLFE, *and the Conqueſt of* Quebeck. *Concluding with an humble Addreſs to his* MAJESTY *on the Extent of his* American *Empire, and the neceſſary Inſtruction of its ignorant, and ſavage Natives.*

O D E.

PART I.

HIGH on the Summit of an hoary Rock,
On whoſe deep Baſe the billowy Surges beat,
With many a loud, and many a dreadful Shock,
Rebellowing as the boiſt'rous Waves retreat,
Britannia ſat, with ſorr'wing Mind,
Supinely, on her Shield reclin'd,
Whilſt from her Eyes a pearly Torrent fell;
And thus the neighb'ring Shepherds tell,
As ſlow ſhe rais'd her drooping Head,
And all the boundleſs Main ſurvey'd,
The Goddeſs Silence broke:

And, in ſuch ſweetly plaintive Strains
As melted all the liſt'ning Swains,
In theſe ſad Sounds her heart-felt Anguiſh ſpoke.

" Great Ocean! once my nobleſt Boaſt,
" And circling Safe-guard of my Coaſt,
" When my brave Sons, by Heav'n inſpir'd,
" By Love of Fame and Freedom fir'd,
" Bade *Britain's Fleet* ſublimely ride,
" The Glory of thy wond'ring Tide:
" Whilſt ev'ry hoſtile Veſſel fled,
" Or inſtant drop'd the captive Head.
" Kings ſaw me Miſtreſs of thy Waves,
" And Tyrants trembled with their Slaves.
" Secure my ſtately Bulwarks roſe,
" The Terrour of approaching Foes.
" But now theſe Foes my Forts deſtroy,
" Now Britiſh Fleets have learn'd to fly:
" *Minorca* feels the fatal Stroke,
" And yields to haughty *Gallia*'s Yoke.

Diſhonour thus her tortur'd Boſom ſtung,
And *Gallia*'s Yoke ſtill faulter'd on her Tongue;

When

When o'er the gloomy Waves below,
Sudden Beams of Radiance glow.
With Wonder ſeiz'd, and wild Surprize,
The Goddeſs lifts her languid Eyes;
When lo! a glorious Scene appears,
And Sounds celeſtial ſtrike her Ears:
The chearing Strains her dying Hopes recall,
The ſtarting Tear forgets to fall;
Whilſt the bright Viſion charms her captive Eye,
And pleas'd Attention ſtills the riſing Sigh.

High thron'd on mingling Beams of Light
Whoſe glorious Luſtre glads her Sight,
A Form celeſtial ſhe beholds;
His Limbs a ſnowy Robe infolds;
His azure Hair majeſtick flows;
His Harbingers, in ſhining Rows,
Before their Prince exulting fly,
And paint with Gold the parting Sky.
The Goddeſs ſat, with anxious View,
Thinking the lovely Youth ſhe knew.
Suſpence a while her Heart beguiles,
Till lab'ring Doubt diſſolves in Smiles;

Her

Her guardian Genius ſoon is known,
As nearer moves his floating Throne.
At laſt he makes the rocky Strand,
And, lighting, leaves his airy Band;
Who, as their Sov'reign gains the Ground,
Again their Silver Trumpets ſound,
Then liſten, as, with graceful Mein,
He, ſmiling, thus ſalutes the Sea-born Queen:

" Ariſe, *Britannia*, check that Tide of Tears,
" And nobly baniſh thy infeebling Fears:
" No more thy ſinking State deplore,
" Lament thy fading Fame no more,
" Thy flying Fleets, and falling Towers,
" Or haughty Foes' united Powers.
" To Thee the conquer'd Kingdoms yet ſhall bow,
" And radiant Laurels dignify thy Brow.
" As late I wander'd thro' the Fields of Air,
" Thy Woes my Grief, thy future Fate my Care,
" By kind Permiſſion I was ſhown
" The riſing Glory of thy Throne;
" Which, Spite of *Gallia*, ſtill ſhall ſtand,
" The Dread of each revering Land.

" A PATRIOT MINISTER thy Helm ſhall guide,
" Nor ſway'd by ſordid Wealth, nor dup'd by Pride;
" Thy Good his Glory; and his nobleſt Aim
" To build his own on thy ſuperiour Fame.
" Thy *Senate*, freed from Party Rage,
" Thro' him ſhall awe the wond'ring Age:
" His Wiſdom, Truth, and ſteady Zeal
" Shall nobly guard thy publick Weal:
" His Eloquence, in one commanding Flow,
" Shall rouſe thy Sons againſt their common Foe,
" Shall the dire Spleen of civil Diſcord charm,
" And nerve with Vengeance one * reſiſtleſs Arm.
" Then ſhall proud *Gaul* repent too late
" When in thy Sword ſhe ſees her Fate,
" And hears thy martial Thunders roar,
" The Terrour of her trembling Shore:
" Shall, ſorr'wing, then, her own Ambition blame,
" When ſhe beholds her harbour'd Fleets in Flame;
" And, groaning, feels on her defenceleſs Coaſt
" The juſt Reſentment of a *Britiſh Hoſt*.

* How nobly is this Prediction verified in the glorious Ardour of thoſe Conſtitutional Troops who, animated by Leaders of the firſt Diſtinction and Property, compoſe one mighty Phalanx of PATRIOT STRENGTH, in Defence of all that is dear and valuable in theſe happy Kingdoms!

" Thus

" Thus *Gallia*, puniſh'd for her Crimes,
" Shall ſink, the Scorn of future Times:
" Thus *Britain's Fleet* the World ſhall awe,
" And give the vanquiſh'd Nations Law.
" Thy native Ocean thou ſhalt yet command,
" And rule the ſhining Waves from Strand to Strand;
" Majeſtick ſtill, thy naval Honours claim,
" And ſpread on diſtant Shores thy awful Name.
" The Sun through all his circling Reign
" Shall wond'ring view thy vaſt Domain,
" Shall on thy growing Greatneſs ſhine,
" And light thy Sons to Glory's Shrine.
" Where ardent *India* drinks his riſing Beams,
" And glowing *Ganges* rowles in ſacred * Streams,
" Reſiſtleſs CLIVE ſhall force his glorious Way,
" And ſpread through trembling Realms thy boundleſs Sway.
" Where Sol his radiant Journey ends,
" And bath'd in weſtern Waves deſcends,
" See AMHERST and BOSCAWEN glow,
" And nobly aim the mighty Blow:
" For they, unaw'd, whilſt brazen Thunders roar,
" Shall bravely *Breton's* inmoſt Gulf explore,

* Alluding to the religious Veneration in which this River is held by the *Indians*.

" Her

" Her Harbours ſeize, her proudeſt Towers deſtroy,
" And raiſe *Britannia*'s ſtreaming Flag on high.
" Hence ſhall thy crowded Ports with Commerce ſmile,
" And foreign Plenty feed thy favour'd Iſle:
" Fair Freedom on thy happy Coaſt ſhall dwell,
" And riſing Arts thy riſing Grandeur ſwell:
" Whilſt gentle Peace with all her bliſsful Train,
" Conſents to fix with Thee her laſting Reign.
He ſaid —— then ſpread his Stole, and inſtant roſe,
His hov'ring Guards their Monarch ſoon incloſe:
The wond'ring Goddeſs mark'd their airy Way,
Till, wrapt in radiant Clouds, they mingle with the Day.

O D E.

PART II.

AND ſee the promis'd Æra dawn!
Behold fair Honour's radiant Morn!
Obſerve her beaming Splendour riſe,
And brighten o'er *Britannia*'s Skies;
Till all the wide extended Rays
Burſt forth in one unbounded Blaze
One Blaze of Glory, and Renown,
Which all PITT's patriot Labours crown:
To ſcourge by him her haughty Foes,
And heal her injur'd Children's Woes;
Begirt with Courage, fraught with Zeal,
Ardent for her publick Weal,
Behold her graſp the Sword;
Whilſt all around are heard
From gath'ring Millions loud Alarms,
Ariſe *Britannia*, riſe to Arms!
Aſſert thy ancient Sway,
Teach Tyrants to obey,

No longer let thy Sons complain;
Aſſert thy ancient Sway, the Empire of the Main!

Excited thus, by ev'ry Charm,
To fire the Heart, and nerve the Arm,
Spirit, and Council by her Side,
Who all her mighty Actions guide,
And ſhielded by thoſe ſacred Laws
Which nobly aid her righteous Cauſe,
Behold Her clad in Triumph's Regal Robe,
Guiding the Car of Conqueſt round the Globe:
Whilſt Giant Terrour ſtrides before,
And bears her dreaded Name from Shore to Shore.

But chief, where *Lawrence* with * impetuous Tides
The † boundleſs Weſtern Continent divides,
On *Canada*'s enſanguin'd Plain,
Her Sons the faireſt Laurels gain:
Exulting ſeize the bright auſpicious Hour,
And on unſhaken Baſis build *Britannia*'s Pow'r.

* The known Rapidity and ſtupendous Cataracts by which the Navigation of the River *St. Lawrence* is interrupted, juſtify this Epithet.

† Though the River *St Lawrence* does not divide the whole Continent of *America*, the immenſe Tract through which it flows will be a ſufficient Apology for the Licence of the Expreſſion.

Whilſt thus their Thoughts with riſing Greatneſs glow,
A ſudden and lamented Blow
The Stroke of Victory arreſts,
And wounds, with mighty Pangs, a thouſand gen'rous Breaſts:
Before *Quebeck*, that God-like Man
Whoſe wond'rous and heroic Plan
Subdues, at laſt, her yielding Walls,
Juſt in the Arms of Triumph, falls.
In dumb Concern his heart-ſtung Vet'rans ſtand,
And ſtern Bellona drops her ſlack'ning Hand:
An univerſal Groan ſucceeds:
Firm Courage ſtands aghaſt, and Conqueſt bleeds:
Whilſt Sorrow riſes wrapt in ſable Clouds,
And, in one ſullen Gloom, the Dawn of Glory ſhrowds.
So fell of old the famous *Theban* Chief,
Whelming victorious Troops in noble Grief:
Like his WOLFE's Fate; like his, WOLFE's deathleſs Name
Swells the loud Trump of everlaſting Fame.

Nor ſhould the glorious Wound which ſuddenly interrupted his Command, deprive the heroick General MONCKTON of the Praiſe ſo juſtly due to his noble Behaviour. Was the Author equal to the Attempt, he might appear inexcuſable in omitting an honourable Mention of the victorious JOHNSON, HAWKE, SAUNDERS, MOORE, &c. &c. But he muſt leave a particular Panegyrick on this matchleſs Liſt of *Britiſh* Worthies to an abler Pen; and content himſelf with a more general and humble Sketch of this glorious Æra.

Brave

Brave TOWNSHEND now the fallen Truncheon takes,
Swift flies Suſpence, and ſlumb'ring Vengeance wakes:
Fir'd with freſh Rage the fierce Battalions cloſe,
And preſs with double Force their flying Foes.
Their Hero's Fall, and Country's Wrongs unite
To brace their conqu'ring Arms with double Might;
In Streams of Blood they mark their dreadful Way,
Till their great End compleated crowns the Day:
The ſtubborn Tow'rs to *Britiſh* Valour bend,
And *Britiſh* Shouts the vaulted Welkin rend;
Triumphant Enſigns awe the ſubject Plains,
And o'er unbounded Realms *Britannia*'s Monarch reigns.

A Thought ſo int'reſting ariſes here,
In which ſuch Weight, ſuch great Effects appear,
And fraught with ſuch ineffable Reward,
As claims the Royal Favour and Regard.

Behold, DREAD SOV'REIGN! in theſe wide Domains
The vaſt Extent your growing Empire gains,
And let the Voice of HEAV'N your Pow'r perſuade
For ſavage Millions, who implore your Aid;
Your Subjects now, who, in this View demand
The nobleſt Bleſſing of your bounteous Hand;

They

They ask Instruction's animating Ray,
That brightest Sunshine of your glorious Sway;
To thaw the Ignorance, which deep controuls
The frozen Currents of their fetter'd Souls.
Thus Errour shall imbibe the op'ning Day,
Thus Knowledge light Religion on her Way:
Religion! from whose Pow'r, and sacred Train
The Throne it's noblest Permanence will gain,
Since all those Virtues on her Steps attend
Which form the King, the Subject, and the Friend,
And in the Mind those Principles create
Which best will serve the noblest Ends of State.
But, above all, the CHRISTIAN SCHEME explain,
By which poor Sons of Earth immortal Glory gain.
When, crown'd with Age and Honour, You shall rise
To those exalted and unfading Joys,
Admiring *Seraphs* shall with Rapture gaze,
And own, an Act like this, exceeds all Praise,
Which, to His awful Throne, a Tribute brings
Most pleasing to the gracious KING of *Kings*.
This Tribute will to Heav'n and Earth impart
The gen'rous Fire that warms your Royal Heart,
And best your sacred Gratitude explain
For all the Glories of your prosp'rous Reign:

Whilst

Whilſt to your *Britain* it inſures that Aid
Nor Time can waſte, nor envious Foes invade,
Securely fixing in this happy Iſle
Pow'r's earthly Throne, and Heav'n's eternal Smile.

The END.